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# Assassination



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## Chapter 1 by Vedant Rungta

'Target spotted' I whispered from my vantage point 150 meters over the hustle of the streets of New York

'Received - fire at will' buzzes through my Bluetooth in the same monotonous tone.

Those 4 words. Those trigger words. I've grown up hearing them. I've been immortalised over them. The same pattern takes hold. The adrenaline pouring through my veins. The concentration to keep my hands steady. The skill to keep my sight, picture and alignment perfect, targeting straight at the targets head.

Who is she? No idea. Why does she have to die? No idea. 'Fire at will' really means get set and shoot, but for me it's something more. How many times can I stay strong willed? How many times can I simply 'fire at will'?

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



I fire my rifle. I feel the recoil roll over me, jiggling the female parts of my body. I quickly pull down my rifle and roll over laying down on the roof of the building. No extraction plan til after things cool down, still I doubt they will be looking for the sniper this far away from the victim, no the... target. Can't think of them as people or I will go crazy. I sigh... laying on the roof looking up at the clouds, I begin to daydream, to remember... how I ended up in this life.

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